VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

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Poetry.

The Reformer.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With pale alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare;"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept, to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,
"Why smite," he asked, in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his ax's gleam;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had,
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

Green grew the grain on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains,
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavillions gay
And cottage windows, flower entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparking, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school girls, answering to the bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn right, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of Wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the World shall draw
From their decay.

Oh! backward-looking son of time!—
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as in that old day
Thou mournest, didst thy sires repine,
So in his time, thy child grown gray,
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats!

Take heart!—the Waster builds again—
A charmed life old goodness hath;
The tares may perish—but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night:
Ho, wake and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light!

—[Fountain, for 1847.

When we reflect that every mother has children of surprising genius, it is a matter of serious inquiry where all the ordinary men come from who cross our path in every day life.

Miscellaneous.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY JEANNE.

The young wife sat alone in her pleasant chamber, and her husband's last letter was in her hand. The paper looked soiled and worn, and the hand writing was nearly illegible; they might well appear thus, for the letter had been carried in Margaret's bosom and read amidst tears, until every word was engraved on her heart. It was many long months since Harry Leslie departed, to engage in profitable business, and prepare for the emigration of his family to a distant land, and since that letter came, bringing news of his safe arrival, no tidings of the wanderer had reached his home.

For a long time Margaret hoped all might be well; she prayed for patience, and strove to conceal from her father and her children the grief which was stealing the bloom from her cheek, and giving her such long weary nights of anxiety and fear.

But the gray haired parents saw her true feelings, and almost rejoiced to see that Margaret only trembled lest she was widowed in her youth, while the old man had learned the sad story that the wine cup over which Harry loved to linger, was leading him down into dark paths of degradation and shame.

Circumstances at length obliged him to reveal to his sorrowful child the truth, and she had gone to her chamber to search vainly in that old letter for a denial of the fact; to weep her tears of agony alone.

The young wife sat long in her window holding communion with her own troubled, suffering spirit. She gazed—but not upon the sweet valley which lay sleeping calmly in the moonlight; she listened—but it was not to the low soft breathings of her unconscious children—she looked up to the quiet watching stars, and wildly prayed them to guide Harry Leslie back to his home—and the stars returned to poor Margaret glances of hope; she felt as though the eyes of angels were watching her in sympathy, and she was com-[illegible]

That very night the subject of Margaret Leslie's prayers and tears, was sleeping in the streets of a distant city. Aye, in the streets, with only the blue starlit sky for a covering, with a cold gray stones of the pavement for a pillow! Oh! could that be him, for whom faithful eyes had been weeping, and faithful hearts yearning with unuterable love? Alas it was too true. There, covered with its rags and shame, lay the wreck of a stately form, perhaps, too, the wreck of as noble a spirit. That evening he had exchanged the last article of value which he possessed for the poisonous cup; and ere midnight the wretch who tempted and destroyed, had driven him helpless and homeless into the streets; He tottered along slowly, sometimes falling upon the hard pavement, sometimes creeping like a foul insect, until at last, exhausted and nearly insensible, he crept close to the wall of a building which cast over his wretchedness a friendly shadow, and fell asleep.

When the inebriate awoke from his death like slumber, he was in the full possession of his senses, and he looked around him bewildered, and wondering where he was. He thought he had been sleeping for the first time in his life with no canopy above him but the starry heavens; yet no! not for the first time, for now he remembered that once in his boyhood he had gone with the hunters over moorland and mountain, and slept on their beds of fragrant heather. But that was in his mountain Scotland, then he was young and pure and free; now he was in a strange land, friendless, degraded and enslaved. As memory led him back to the past, reason and conscience asserted their power, and all his dark life was as clearly pictured before him. He could see the gradual stepping stones by which he had descended into this whirlpool of vice, he saw that he was now in the very depth of misery and want—and in these lucid moments there were pale faces, which seemed to approach and look mournfully into his own. Poor Leslie! Those pale faces made him nearly mad—oh how he hated and loathed himself! He looked wildly around upon the dark stones to find something with which to end his wretched life, but saw nothing; he thought of the bowl, but felt too weak to rise. At length he gazed up to the stars, and they seemed to look down into his weary, tortured soul with so much compassion that he became again calm and capable of reflection. There in the stillness and quiet of night, with only the stars for witnesses, he promised himself to forsake strong drink forever, to seek employment and become a better man.

With the morning sunbeams, Leslie, strengthened by his good resolutions, presented himself to those whose reputation for generosity and kindness had reached his ears, and encouraged him to apply, told his story without reserve, and begged employment.—But he was destined to meet with disappointment, and all that long day did he wander in his fruitless search. Sme had never known temptation, his shabby and miserable dress prejudiced others, and though he told his touching story simply and with a manly and truthful face, no hand was stretched forth to save. Poor Leslie had hoped aad struggled to retrace his fearful steps, but his heart sank under his many discouragements, and he again sought to drown his misery in the intoxicating draught.

Mr. Marshall had quitted his store earlier than usual one evening, and was walking briskly homeward, when his attention was arrested by a group of boys gathered around a drunken man who was vainly endeavoring to protect himself from their insults, with his terrible curses. At length he fell violently upon the rough stones, and a loud laugh from his tormentors fell painfully upon the ears of the gentleman who suddenly appeared in their midst, dispersing them alone by the dignity of his manner, and kindly offering to conduct the inebriate in safety to his home. To this kind offer however, no answer was returned. The drunken man was evidently injured by the fall, and as Mr. Marshall's generous feelings forbade him to leave a fellow creature in such distress, he called a carriage and had him conveyed to his own home.

When the consciousness of the drunkard again returned, he found himself in a comfortable chamber, decently dressed, and his benefactor stood at his side. No word of censure or rebuke fell from the lips of the excellent man as he stood contemplating the change a few hours had made in the being before him, but he gently said—

"My son, I found you in trouble and have been happy in offering you a shelter; you are now entirely recovered, and I will send you to your friends or home."

Only a look of wild anguish, replied to his kind offer, and again he said mildly—

"My son, I pity you, and it may be I can your story without fear."

Oh! how these words fell upon the ears of the stranger, the tones of the good old man's voice awaking in his heart the same feelings which the blessed glances of the stars had aroused there when he struggled with himself, alone and wretched. Tears streamed down his sunken cheek, as he informed his host that he was a foreigner with neither friends nor home.

"My name," said he, "is Leslie; and sir, I have tried to shake off my fetters, to be a man once more, but no one will employ a drunkard. I am a hopeless wretch, and only wish to die unknown. God bless you, sir, for your kindness, it quite overcomes me; but I hope for nothing but a grave."

The old man looked distressed and sorrowful, and hardly knew what to do to arouse in Leslie less discouraging feelings, but at length approaching him in a solemn and tender voice, he said.

"Harry Leslie, have you a wife or child?"

"Sir?" exclaimed the inebriate.

"I say Leslie, have you wife or child?"

"Oh my God!" groaned he, conscience smitten, "why did I ever leave them? Margaret! my own true wife, my golden haired Kitty, my wee Willie;" and he covered his face with his hands.

"For golden haired Kitty, and wee Willie, and your anxious wife——"

"Oh sir!" exclaimed Leslie wildly, "never must they know aught of my wretchedness and degradation. Better far that they should weep a father and husband dead, than mourn him a living disgrace."

"Leslie do you still love that wife, those children?"

"Love them? God knows."

"Then struggle and restore to them and to yourself happiness—I believe firmly, that you may be reclaimed. Tell me when you last heard from your family?"

"It is a year, a long year," and the poor man groaned.

"And you have neglected a beautiful wife, your fair haired children; you have given them sorrow and loneliness; and anxious watchings. But I seek not the augmentation of repentant tears, my young friend; if you desire to restore them and yourself to all the happiness of former years, I will asssist you."

"How?"

"I will, give you employment, you shall sign the pledge and keep yourself out of the way of temptation; at the end of the year you shall return to your own. Think Leslie, yesterday you were a"—

"Brute," ejaculated the redeemed, as he fell upon his knees and hailed the old man as his father—his deliverer.

"My son," said Mr. Marshall, mastering his own deep emotion, "I will leave you now to your own reflections, pray that you be not led into temptation, and he left him alone.

The plans of the good merchant were speedily arranged. He would employ Leslie one year, and allow him to board in his own family, thus giving him the blessing of a home. Mrs. M. entered heartily into her husband's plans, and our wanderer began a new life with a heart swelling with gratitude and repentance, with courage and hope.—The thought of his distant home, and the heart treasures it contained, cheered him in his hours of labor, and when evening came he found by the quiet fireside of his employer, comfort and peace. Oh how he longed to send over the waters one missive, full of the breathings of his affection, and longings for forgiveness! But his benefactor had advised him to wait until the time of his trial was past, and he should be confident of success; should be certain that his reform was thorough and complete. Leslie felt the justice of his friend's remark, and was satisfied to know that ere another summer, golden haired Kitty and wee Willie would come to dwell with him in an American home.

The year of Harry Leslie's trial is past, and he is taking his leave of the good pair whose kindness had been his salvation.—"Harry, said the old man, I have just arranged a little affair which you must consent to. You know my business will depend principally upon you next year, and I have a house not far from the store which you shall have rent free, if you will accept it. I am going down to the wharf with you, and as we shall pass, you must step in and look at it—and then you can tell Margaret just what kind of a place you are coming to."

Harry's heart was too full for words, and wringing the old lady's hand he quitted the house which he had learned to love so dearly, and with a feeling of sadness directed his footsteps towards the place of embarkation.

"Harry," said Mr. Marshal, "here, here is the place," and they entered.

It was a pleasant and comfortable dwelling and, a servant ushered them into the parlor. Harry looked around him. Surely this was door opened—his own dear Margaret, wee Willy and golden haired Kitty were in his arms!

Who's to Pay?

The Cotton Whigs, whose exponent Mr Winthrop was when he voted the $10,000,000, supposed, beyond a doubt, that the people would be made to pay the war expenses by the *hocus pocus* of a tariff, under which tariff their cottonosities would flourish like pigs in everlasting clover. They had not the slightest thought that they themselves would ever be called on to pay, *really*, one red cent of the hundreds of millions that might be spent.—They must begin to see that they, as well as Mr. Winthrop, made a mistake about the darling tariff. It is well over with tariffs in this terraqueous world. They have nothing to do but to pack up and be off as fast as they can. Polk's revenue tariff,—as cunning a tariff as could have been devised to help him on in his nefarious war,—has got to be off. The bulk of this war bill, if ever paid, will have to be paid by a DIRECT TAX. Immensely cheaper and easier will it be to pay the whole of it so. And when the direct tax comes we shall see the comfort of the cotton whigs, and the rich Texas democrats.

That tax will be laid on principles of justice. Where the man who is worth one thousand dollars pays one, the man who is worth two thousand will have to pay four dollars, and the man worth $100,000 will have to pay $10,000, the tax increasing as the square in proportion to the property. There is no sense in taxing men simply in proportion to property. One tenth of one per cent. is more severely felt by the possessor of one thousand dollars, than ten per cent. would be by a man worth half a million. As the rich cotton lords thought to tax every poor man's shirt to pay for this war, let them feel in their principal and interest, their stocks and dividends the full beauties of the cup they have commended to other lips. We think it will be a lesson to them. We should like nothing better than to see Mr. Abbott Lawrence and Mr. Nathan Appleton, the authors of those beautiful sang-froid letters to the Texas Committee, mustering over their cash and putting a few stocks in the market to make out a tax of $100,000 a piece, to pay for the Mexican war, and meet the pledges of their "however bounded" congressmen. And, gentlemen, we live in the confident expectation of seeing you have to do it. It is out of the question your pulling either cotton or wool over the eyes of the people much longer. You voted what you confidently supposed was *their* money to pay for this infernal crusade for slavery. They will vote chiefly your money finally to foot the bill. Rely on that gentlemen.—[Chronotype.

Virtue is a gem of the first water.

Pat and the Tariff.

I was standing, a few days ago, on the deck of the steamboat Trenton, when my attention was directed to a newly invented machine, which proved to be an implement of husbandry, and quite complicated in its construction. Among the many questions as to its use, was one by a son of Erin, whom I shall call Jim; when the following colloquy took place between him and another from the same green isle, whom I shall call Pat; and who was evidently something of a wag—and instantly took the idea to have a little fun with his less informed countryman, to the great amusement of the bystanders:

Jim—What is that?

Pat—Is it you don't know what it is, after bein' so long in the coonthry, too?

Jim—Faith, and I don't—I niver seed the like afore. Divil a bit I know, if it ain't for diggin paraters.

Pat—Ha, ha, ha! och, the simple numbskull that ye are. Why, that is the new tariff, ye blockhead, ye.

Jim—In amazement—Och, by my soul is that the new tariff so much talk'd aboot; and divil a lie in it?

Pat—It's nothin' else, an' divil a lie, at all, at all.

Jim—Och, domp the thing; but it'll ruin the coonthry: it's me boss ses the laborers will have no work with the new tariff, and the coonthry ruined—and I see nothin' but starvation befoor me two eyes, I don't Let's throw the domp thing overboard, and save the coonthry from starvin, now whin we have a chance?

Pat—Is it yer boss ses this coonthry's ruined. And ain't yer boss a whig?

Jim—Sure, and a good whig he is too—and so am I.

Pat—So I thought, and yer just the fool to believe every thing yer boss tells ye about the new tariff, ruin, low wages and so on; don't ye see I've made a fool of ye myself? You believe that was the tariff, and wanted to throw the innocent crathur overboard, and fool ye are to believe every thing that's tould ye, without readin' and inquirin' for ye'rself—such ignorant men as yerself it is, that will That tariff (pointing to the machine) is, in honest truth, a farmer's machine for sowing his grain for the people to live on; and instead of its being an instrument of destruction and ruin, it is one of the instruments for filling our stomachs with bread, and so ye may call it the new tariff if ye like, and ye'll know more about the new tariff than iver ye did.—Ye'd better go home now, and tell yer boss he's aither a knave or a fool, (faith may be a little of the two mixed) when he undertakes to cram such nonsense down the throats of honest an intilligint men, so ye had.

Jim made his exit, grumbling.—[Pennsylvanian.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—A writer in the N. Y. Tribune, who is perfectly delighted with this region, writes thus concerning it:

"Western Virginia embraces about four hundred miles on the Ohio river, giving thereby, through the various rivers that traverse her country, commanding outlets westward, while her eastern outlets are now being increased by railroads from Gyandotte to Richmond, and from Parkersburg to the south branch of the Potomac river, there intercepting the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and also the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. This Parkersburg route, from all that I can glean, will soon be carried into effect; indeed, so momentous is it looked upon, that at Cincinnati I was informed that a continued railroad route from Cincinnati to Parkersburg has been already surveyed. The completion of this route will tend to control the entire trade of the Ohio and Mississippi waters, and also open the mineral resources of western Virginia. I would I had Stentor lungs to arouse Virginia from her suicidal lethargy to this acquirement. Her forests would then teem with our hardy northerners, while the, European migration, I am confident, would seek for none other westward than that of the 'Old Dominion.' Indeed I met quite a number of English and German families, good practical farmers, who had just arrived and were settling in this region. They told me that there were a great many of their countrymen coming out to settle in Western Virginia.

The crops are superb and abundant, consisting of wheat, corn, rye, oats, &c., &c., and fruits and culinary vegetables of all kinds. There is nothing that our northern and southern States can produce, but what grows here profusely. They, however, want more of our northern enterprise to develop the vast resources of this truly rich region of country.

An editor at table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, 'Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to make room for it.'

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

WHAT WE LABOR FOR:

The Rights of Man to himself, to a permanent home on the earth, to the choice of industrial pursuits, to limit for himself the hours of toil, to an equivalent for what he produces, to the best opportunities for education, and to freedom in every thing.

LOWELL, NOVEMBER 20, 1846.

The Industrial Reform Pledge.

"We whose names are annexed, desirous of restoring to man his Natural Right to Land, do solemnly agree, that we will not vote for any man for the Presidency or Congress who will not pledge himself in writing to use all the influence of his station, if elected, to prevent all further traffic in the Public Lands of the States and of the United States, and to cause them to be laid out in farms and lots for the free and exclusive use of actual settlers; or for any man for the Governorship or the Legislature who will not so pledge himself to the Freedom of the Public Lands, to a Limitation of the quantity of land to be obtained by any individual hereafter in this State, to the exemption of the Homestead from any future debt or mortgage, and to a limitation to ten of the hours of daily labor on public works or in establishments chartered by law."

Return.

Friends and Readers:—The varying events of this circumstantial life, have again, after an absence of six months, allotted to us the editorial charge of the "Voice of Industry"—the organ of a mighty reform in the industrial relations of mankind. And though bringing, as we do, an increase of physical strength, a growing faith in the principles of Labor Reform, and a renewed determination to do all that abilities and circumstances will permit, to hasten their adoption; yet a lively sense of the magnitude of the cause, the obstacles to be surmounted, and the necessity of wise and judicious action, brings also an increased weight of responsibility, and causes us to feel inadequate for the task. But with a firm reliance on the immutability of *Truth*, and the generous co-operation of good minds and sincere hearts—men and women whose love of oppressed humanity does not end in empty sounds and windy declamations, we are not without hope, that our efforts will prove valuable to society, especially the working classes, and an acceptable offering upon the altar of human progression.

Upon returning, we find many new readers and correspondents,—minds to, with whom we have but little acquaintance, and whose knowledge of us, perhaps is equally as limited; therefore it seems due to all parties, that we should express our hearty concurrence in the leading measures which have been advocated with zeal and ability, by our predecessor, who as you have already learned, has taken another field of labor.

It is useless to tell these acquaintances this or any other country, by mere judicial *palliatives*, or legislative *expedients*, while the essential rights of man, are not practically recognized by our political compacts. It is also vain to expect social, intellectual, or spiritual elevation, where the means of improvement are removed so far from the people by intervening causes, that they become subjects of speculative admiration, rather than real facts. That this is fast becoming the case in this country, no unbiassed, observing mind can fail to see. The great tide of industrial enterprise of America, is approximating with fearful rapidity to a Monied Despotism, which while, it may tolerate the name, and even *form* of freedom, will be reared upon the violated rights of the toiling millions, and nourished by their blood and tears. Already are our people beginning to partake of the bitter fruits of the great *Upas* that has been cultured through ages of darkness and servitude, and is now casting a night of gloom over many of the fairest portions of God's universe. The clanking chains of the Southern bondmen, the deplorable destitution in our large cities, and the privations and sufferings in our manufacturing districts, speak in tones too audible to be misunderstood, that much remains to be accomplished before America can be truly free. To assist in this great and good work, is our mission—"the emancipation of Labor"—and through that, the Race, by placing every human being in position to realize their true destiny, instead of being aggressors and aliens by birth, and crowding themselves through the world, the mere pigmies of chance. In this warfare we have no weapons to use but those of truth and love, free from any desire to wrong or oblige present our fellow men; and in our dealings with the wrongs of mankind, we shall not fail to pay due regard to the force of education, usages, and customs; but at the same time, we have but very little sympathy with those "who call themselves eminently *practical* men: because taking the world as it is, they have conformed to the world as it is; and endeavor to make to-day as much like yesterday as possible, hoping that the resemblance will be transmitted into to-morrow."

In the faithful discharge of our duty, we doubtless shall be called upon to speak with plainness even to severity, of many of the existing customs and transactions around us, which we shall not do from any fault-finding disposition, but because it is a duty; and at all times, we shall endeavor to avoid everything like clamorous recklessness; believing as we do, that the citadel of the human heart cannot be taken by storm, but by the omnipotence of reason and truth, clothed in the fitting habiliments of candor and sobriety.

In again resuming the editorial duties, we hope to receive the co-operation of our old friends and contributors, in various parts of this and other States, who have heretofore rendered us valuable aid and counsel; and when it is taken into consideration, that no person should occupy the editorial chair as a leader or dictator, but as an instrument to facilitate the thoughts of others, as well as to communicate his own, the necessity of a united effort of thought and action will be quite apparent to all who sympathize with us in the present contest for human Liberty and happiness. Let us have a concentration of bold and free thought, that shall wake the people from their apathy, and cause them to realize that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture."

Such a union is to save the working classes from the thralldom of industrial anarchy, and form the golden chain of redemption to the race. See to it friends, that you withhold no thought that will give encouragement, or deed that will strengthen us in our future labors.

Wm. F. Young.

Our Financial Affairs.

It becomes necessary for us to state to the readers and friends of this paper, that its receipts thus far, have fallen considerably short of its current expenses, and consequently the burden of this deficiency, has borne heavily upon a few of its friends. That the Voice has received generous and *substantial* aid from several devoted friends abroad, we most gratefully acknowledge; but the weight of its pecuniary responsibility has rested upon three or four Workingmen of this city, whose deep felt interest in its behalf, has led them to bestow most liberally their hard earned substance, for its support. Now when it is known that over *two thousand* copies of the paper are issued weekly, it may seem strange to some that any deficiency should occur. But to tell the truth, friends, a large portion of its subscribers are an actual loss. Many have not paid at all, others fractional sums, costing perhaps all they were worth to collect them; while others have sent the summary note—"discontinue"—without paying arrearages or even postage. At this crisis of affairs, therefore, the friends have come to the conclusion, that the good of the paper demands that no subscription be received without advance pay, unless some responsible that the subscription price be raised to $1,25 per year, which will take place in a short time, with some valuable mechanical improvements. When the present low price of the Voice is contrasted with the amount of reading matter it furnishes, we trust that *no individual* who desires its success, will fail to give this proposition a cheerful response. In the meantime all subscribers received before this arrangement is consummated, complying with the above requisitions, will be entitled to the present terms until their subscriptions expire.

The present publishers are anxious that the paper should increase in interest and worth, that it may meet the wants of the laboring community, and they will spare no efforts within their power, in making it really the "peoples' paper"—free and untrammelled by party or sect; and in doing this, they trust and believe that the many warm friends to the cause, will not permit them to suffer any further serious pecuniary loss.

The Voice of Industry, the only paper in New England devoted to the cause of Labor, should not suffer for want of support; but every workingman and woman who has anything to appropriate for reading matter, should subscribe for a paper which is laboring in their behalf.

Friends, the more means you place in our hands, the more effectually and successfully can we prosecute your work. Recollect that our enterprise is not one of self-agrandizement, but one eminently philanthropic in its aims; and gladly would we send the Voice gratuitously throughout New England, to every son and daughter of toil, had we the ability; but in aiding it we are confident that you are putting your mites into a treasure that will reward you ten fold.

In addition to the leading objects of the Voice, we shall devote some attention to miscellaneous and scientific subjects; and with the assistance of an intelligent brother mechanic, with whose writings our readers are already acquainted, we shall be able to furnish a weekly synopsis of such passing events as will be profitable and instructive.

These few remarks, we hope may not prove altogether ineffectual in stimulating our friends to action; and we trust each and every subscriber will see the *immediate* necessity of furnishing us with the amount of their subscription, and of using their influence in gaining for the Voice of Industry, an extensive and permanent circulation.

Information Wanted.—A large number of honestly inclined whigs of this city are anxious to find some logician crooked enough to prove to them that Schouler *did not* sell himself to Wm. Livingston at the late election. A liberal remuneration will be given.

Information to Spare.

For the benefit of Mr. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, and such other Whigs as are "embarrassed for want of information" on the measures of Reform, we copy from the Tribune the folowing Resolutions, passed by a late Whig Nominating Convention at Washtenaw county, Michigan.

Resolved, That landed democracy being the true foundation of public prosperity, and a just and economical government, and the accumulation of landed property in the hands of capitalists, being a great public evil, a Homestead, of moderate value, for every family ought to be exempt from execution on every debt hereafter contracted, and inalienable by mortgage.

Resolved, That any distinction in the privileges of citizens, on account of race or color, is anti-republican and anti-christian, and ought to be abolished.

And whereas, the xtravagant pay of Congressmen and other federal officers, by holding out splendid pecuniary prizes for unscrupulous politicians to scramble for, has been productive of the most disastrous effect upon the moral character and policy of our Government; therefore

Resolved, That the per diem compensation of Congressmen ought to be reduced as low as $4, and their mileage to one fourth of its present amount, and the salaries of all Federal offices ought to be reduced in like proportion.

Resolved, That all State officers, without distinction, ought to be elected by the people, and that Senators and Representatives ought to be chosen by singe Districts.

We also extract from the same Tribune a series of Resolutions passed by a Democratic Nominating Convention of the same County, on the 15th ult.

Resolved, That Land Monopoly and Speculation are one means by which scheming capitalists extort millions annually from the honest toil of the hardy pioneer, and a reduction of the public lands would but increase this oppressive evil in the new States and settlements of the West, unless the future sale and ownership of the public domain be reserved for the actual settler alones in limited quantities.

Resolved, That the exercise of such an enormous patronage by the President of the United States, particularly in the appointment and removal at will of so many thousands of public officers, is well nigh like centralizing the government in one vast monarchy in the hands of the national executive.

Resolved, That the Laborers create all the wealth of the country, and the more there is expended to carry on our State and National governments, the les there can be left for the laborers' share; therefore sheer fairness and honesty dictates that the salaries of all public officers should be so reduced as to correspond with the reward of productive industry.

Upon the subjects a general meeting of the Democrats of New York City, on the [illegible] passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That for the purpose of giving a chance to every able and willing-to-labor citizen to become a free-holder, we are opposed to letting the Public Domain into the hands of any, in any manner, save in limited quantities, to the actual settler and real cultivator.

Upon the above, the Tribune most sensibly remarks:

"We trust the new Members of Congress from this City will not forget the passage of these resolutions. We will take care that they shall not.

—But what use to discuss this question in a 'Whig paper?' is inquired; 'are not the Whigs generally opposed to all elemental Reforms and faithless that any good may thereby be effected?'—We answer, That remains to be seen. We believe they are quite as ready to support true reforms as their opponents; if they are not, we mean that they shall be. When Brougham stood up to advocate the Parliamentary Reform bill in the notoriously hostile House of Lords, he in substance said—'I am constrained to tell you, my Lords, that *through* this House, or *over* this House, Reform will be carried.' So it is now and here with many Reforms of which the necessity is not yet as generally realized by the wealthy and the cultivated as they ere long will be. So it is emphatically with regard to Land Reform. Let us labor on in patience and in hope."

Can any of the political wiseacres who show such wonderful ingenuity in discovering the *essential* difference between *tweedledum* and *tweedle-dee*, inform us how much Michigan Whigery differs from Michigan and Tammany Hall Democracy; especially just before election?

Some one has sent us a number of the Lancaster Courant published at Lancaster, Mass., in which the editor assumes to be remarkably wise in relation to legislating upon the hours of Labor and says, "you might as well attempt to regulate a man's appetite by law, compelling him to eat just so much per diem, let him be sick or well."

Poor fellow, can't see that the hours of labor are already regulated by law, in the case of corporations, and that law as potent as tho' written in the Statute Book, compelling men and women, old or young, weak or strong, to labor "just so" many hours per day, on penalty of the terrors of the "black list" and no labor at all.

For want of room we cannot dispose of the article more consistent with its genius than by quoting to our evidently *blind* cotemporary the following:—

"There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise—
He jumped into a Corporation bush,
And *scratched out both his eyes*."

To Correspondents.—The poetic "Impromptu," will appear in our next. Friend Grant's letter, too late for insertion this week.

Election Returns.—We are unable to give a statement of the National Reform vote of this State at the late election as the "powers that be" have been very careful that all deserters from the old Dynasties, be put down "*Scattering*." If we are not "negligent observers" of the "signs of the times" there will be a "*Scattering*" among the "regulars" ere long.

The National Reform vote in Worcester ran as high as 72 which speaks well for a beginning.

"Young America" comes to us this week with a severe and justly merited article on the official anouncement by President Polk, of the sale of *twelve millions of acres* of the Public Domain, which is soon to take place. We shall copy part or all of the article into our next.

To our friends in the City, we would say, that we have at last procured a faithful Carrier who will serve them hereafter in due season. Please forward your names.

The Daily Sentinel of Providence, a spirited and liberal little paper is about being enlarged. The Sentinel is emphatically reformitory in its sentiments, as the article on "Progress" in the number before us clearly indicates, and we wish it success in a field where reform is so much needed.

We understand that Mr. Lawton one of the whig candidates for the Legislature from this city, declines standing as a candidate at the next trial. The cause of his defeat appears to be, that he, *unfortunately* possesses too much political integrity for the "whole hog" wire pullers.

"Upon the "Workingmen's ticket" for Senators for Middlesex County, was the name of David Middleton, of *Andover*. We hope that among all the radical reforms of this party they do not go for the annihilation of county lines."—[Courier.

The "Workingmen" went about as far out of the county of Middlesex in the above case, as the whigs of Lowell did out of the county of political honesty when they selected the editor of the Courier to represent them in the next Legislature.

Godey's Ladies' Book for December is before us; more beautiful and chaste than ever, and with fair promises that the next Volume will excel even the last. The enterprise and perseverance of the publishers, is sufficient guaranty that their promises will not remain unfulfilled.

[illegible] the Courier that Mrs. Margaret Vance, who lived on Dutton St., came to her death last week under highly suspicious circumstances. Upon investigation it seems that *rum* was the cause of her death By a bill accompanying the communication, it appears that about six gallons of Liquors were furnished the family of Mrs Vance (consisting of herself, husband and five children) in the short space of seven weeks, by a *Grocer!* Yes, by a Grocer whose business it should be, to furnish food and nourishment, in exchange for the hard earned pittance of the poor, instead of liquid destruction.

The Workingmen's Protective Union is gaining ground rapidly. Divisions are starting up all over the country, Penix-like, amid the flames of commercial destruction. In the Old Country also, like institutions are combining the producing classes, and will ultimately produce an entire revolution in the commercial transactions of Europe. We shall give some account of their progress in our next.

The fire Saturday evening, about half past 6, was caused by some varnish taking fire in East Merrimack street, Belvidere. The inside of the shop was pretty well smoked up, but the damage by fire was trifling—if we except Mr Morey's hand, which was severely burned in getting the burning kettle out of the shop.—*Advertiser.*

Imported Sheep.—Nine or ten sheep of the Leicester breed, imported from England, for Hon. Henry Clay, passed through this city yesterday, on their way to Ashland, under charge of a shepherd, who came with them.—[Pittsburg Gazette.

Then Henry is determined to continue his old business—*pulling wool.*

Professor Bond anounces in another column that he will give a musical entertainment on Thanksgiving evening. Mr. Bond's high reputation, together with the valuable aid he is to receive, is sufficient guaranty that the occasion will be one of rare interest.

We rejoice to learn from the Subterranean that Mike Walsh is in a fair way of recovery from his recent illness, (caused it is supposed by hemorrhage at the lungs.)

Mike's introduction into the New York Assembly, will prove an event of much interest generally; and of *special* interest to some of the 'old Hunkers' of that State.

The Sabbath.—A Convention convenes at Indianapolis, on the 16th of December next, to take into consideration the best mode of preventing a desecration of the Sabbath.—[Cincinnati Herald.

Who are the Lowell corporations going to send as delegates?

COMMUNICATIONS.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1846.

Dear Voice:—Political excitement for the last few weeks, has made the denizens of this great village 'stir.' There was considerable frothing and foaming among the political demagogues; 'gas' was freely administered to the verdant, more especially the prejudiced, they always consuming a large quantity. The Whigs had forbodings, a schism having occurred in their ranks a few days before election. The 'Conscience Whigs,' those who were overawed in the Faneuil Hall Convention, not daring to say 'boo,' broke out of a sudden, in opposition to Mr. Winthrop, the regular nominee. Mr. Charles Sumner was selected, but declined—Dr. Howe was nominated, accepted, and was run; the ballot box, however, told the story. News from England a few days before had advanced the price of flour; dough, consequently had an upward tendency as the overwhelming majority of the so called '*dough* face,' Robert C. Winthrop, proved. The 'Cotton Whigs,' as a natural consequence, have made merry, proclaiming their success and the triumph of sound principles. It may be so; but in the face of them and their god-like Daniel, I doubt it. Sound principles are they!—to cherish, foster and encourage institutions that tend to oppress and plunder the people! What are their paper money shops but places for speculators to get 'accommodated,' that they may forestall everything in the market; that for what the laboring consumer wants, he must pay not a fair, but an exhorbitant price? What are their cotton corporations, but institutions to subject labor to their arbitrary laws without an appeal, denying that those who granted them their privileges and suffer them to exist, have a right to say a word about their inhuman conduct. Sunday is desecrated, and character—that which is as dear as life—traduced with impunity by them. Not satisfied with a Protective Tariff, they must have a 'high' protective tariff, that the people may be bled freely at the jugular vein. Glorious principles indeed!

The Democratic party cannot say anything either, for land monopoly is encouraged among them as much as personal property among the Whigs. Opposition is all that keeps them together; principles I cannot see as they have any. A few officers have a few dollars too much salary—what a 'blasting' they make about it! Retrenchment is all you can hear from them. Humanity is as little cared for with them, as with their opponents; property is the all absorbing topic politically or privately; they know little and care less about your Ten Hour System in institutions created by law, or of the Inalienable Homestead. So far behind the times are they, that they had the audacity to put up in this city, at the late election, "pauper manufacturers," *rum distillers and dealers*; this was truly the heighth of the ridiculous. The people, however, submit to these inconsistencies—even go for them—then cry out against the times, how hard they are; and individuals, what aristocrats! Well, the times will be hard and men aristocratic, so long as the people, those especially who labor, make them so. Can they expect respect from those to whom they have granted privileges to rob and plunder them of their time and money both? If they want inequality and distinctions, poverty and crime, let them keep voting whig and democratic tickets; they will get satisfied, I am inclined to think, eventually. The only priciples that can benefit them are those of the National Reformers. When men realize that they have a right to the Soil—that the public domain belongs to them, not to the government, they will begin to feel that they are not dependent upon capital. The Inalienable Homestead! 'that 's the talk,' for those who wish to live and let live. As I believe that doctrine 'pure religion,' without farther remarks for National Reform, I subscribe myself

Yours, Ned.

You should Look before You Leap.

"Plagiarism. Mr Louis Strack figures in the Lowell Voice of Industry as the author of an original poem called the 'Angels' Serenade,' which is not original at all, but a poor translation from the German of Uhland."

So says the Chronotype of Nov. 16, and as by the above article the public may be induced to give the editor of that paper credit for more wisdom and learning than he is entitled to, and as, also, the charge he has preferred against me may be credited, I will simply state the reason why I wrote the poem to which he refers, and what my fountain was from which I drew my idea.

Some time since a German melody of peculiar beauty and graceful sweetness, composed by Himmel, and entitled "The Rose—or *An Alexis send ich dich*" (the existence of which had long been known to me), fell into my hands, and ever anxious to contribute my share in advancing the musical taste of this community, by introducing as many as possible of those matchless melodies which had their birth-place in my native land, I resolved upon translating the German poetry into English, and then publishing the song with my own arrangement of accompaniments. The song was translated and the accompaniments arranged, and so sent to Boston for publication, but the publisher returned the manuscript, saying that the beautiful melody was

but illy married to verses so crude. My opinion was not at all at variance with his, altho' the translation was strictly literal, as far as rhyme and rythm would allow. Still intent upon publishing the song, I concluded to write a poem myself, that might not prove unworthy of the air, although I must confess that to me, who cannot lay any claim to poetic merit, the task was a very difficult one. A long time I searched in vain for a fitting subject, when I chanced to recollect the following story which had been told me in my childhood.

Once upon a time there lived in a small village in Germany, a beautiful maiden whose name was Rose. Her father died when she was very young, and after his death she was the only child and comfort her mother had left in this world. She instructed the darling of her heart to walk in the ways of God, and the mother's example of meekness and piety, and her strictness in observing all religious ceremonies, was eagerly adopted by the young daughter, so that when she grew up, she received on account of the excellency of her heart, her gaiety, beauty and piety, the name of the "Rose of the Village." Every body loved the widow's daughter, and all vied in gaining a smile from her beautiful lips. She was often sought in marriage, but her heart remained untouched, and her entire love she devoted to her mother and her God. This lasted a long while, till at last every body in the village thought she could not love any man in the world, so as to marry him. But one day a cavalier arrived in the village and stopped at the inn called the "Sun." He was a very handsome man, and he wore rich jewels, and kept his servants and his horses and his carriage. He also played the guitar very sweetly, and sang most beautiful songs. After he had lived at the inn about a week, he happened to see Rose, and being struck by her great beauty, he found means to be introduced to her. He talked to Rose so enchantingly, and sang such sweet songs to her, and made her such rich presents, that he bewildered the poor girl's mind, and gained her entire affection. None was now more happy than poor Rose; but her happiness soon turned into misery, for the cavalier was a gay deceiver, and though he had sworn never to forget her, and always to love her, he started away one morning without telling Rose any thing of his intentions, and shortly after she heard that her lover had married a very rich and very beautiful young lady. From that time, Rose was never again seen to smile, and she who formerly had been the pride and the boast of the village, fell sick, and wasted away her life in sorrow and in tears. At last she grew so feeble that she could not leave her bed, but she continually prayed for the welfare of her treacherous lover, and spoke of the bliss that awaited her in heaven. One night she suddenly started from her sleep, and told her mother, that her lover was without serenading her. Her mother protested that there was no one, as she could hear no music at all. But Rose persisted in saying that she heard the sweetest music to which she had ever listened, and upon her mother's assuring her that she was entirely deceived, she all at once exclaimed—"Oh, mother! the heavenly angels are singing songs to me, and have come to carry me away to heaven. Look how beautiful they are—how radiant their wings—and see what bright garlands they bear in their hands. And oh, there is one bearing a crown of glory, which it is offering to me. Mother, good bye—good bye, dear mother."

Two days after this, they laid poor broken hearted Rose in the cold grave.

This is the material out of which I have framed my little piece of poetry, "The Angel's Serenade." I have given the story almost word for word, as far as I can recollect it, and as it was related to me by an old grand aunt, who knew a great many stories of the same kind. It Uhland has written a piece of poetry on the same subject, the thought is no more original with him than it is with me, and if my poem resembles Uhland's so far that it may be called even a *poor* translation, I feel myself highly flattered by the compliment, for Uhland is one of Germany's greatest poets, although I have never had the good fortune to see his "Angel's Serenade."

If the words are crude, it must be recollected that I was restricted to three stanzas, to a rythm in which I never saw a piece of poetry in the English language, and to a melody which sometimes required that four syllables should make sense—and that sometimes even a monosyllable might bear repetition three or four times. If the editor of the Chronotype knows nothing about these difficulties, I would advise him to try and see how well he may succeed. At all events, he must be a shallow critic if he cannot discern a translation from an original composition, particularly when he professes to be acquainted with the original. I therefore insert in to-day's paper a *translation* of Goethe's Mignon's Song—which *is* a translation, and in my opinion a *good* one, if close adherance to the original without sacrificing the rythm or sense, can be called a good translation. Here the editor of the Chronotype will find that I have not taken even so many liberties as many a translator will assume in translating prose into prose. The language, also, flows along very smoothly, and presents the full meaning of the original German. I may, perhaps, without being thought vain, pass this eulogy on my own production, as Mr Chronotype condemned an original poem as a bad *translation*. But I dare say his chief object was more to make a display of his knowledge, than to accuse me of plagiarism, for I repeat that I never saw the poem of Uhland's, to which he alludes,—though Uhland is no stranger to me. I should also know when a translation from the German is good—for the German language is my mother tongue.

I will close by merely stating why I suffered 'The Angel's Serenade' to appear in the Voice at all. Sometime since I received a paper from a 'fair one' in the country; and as that paper proved to be a welcome visitor, I could do no less than return the compliment. Thinking that one which contained something of my hand might prove more acceptable than if I were, perhaps, to purchase the 'Chronotype' and send it, I published the Angel's Serenade. I am sorry that I have been compelled to make my private matters so public; but the other evening I was even in the open street attacked by a 'crazy man,' and if I had not used some means of defence, the public might have considered me 'whipped.'

LOUIS STRACK.

For the Voice of Industry.

Goethe's Mignon's Song.

BY LOUIS STRACK.

Knowest thou the land where blooms the citron tree?
'Mid fol'age dark the orange sweet you see—
A gentle breeze is wafted from the sky;—
There grows the myrtle and the laurel high.
Knowest thou the land?
Oh, there! Oh there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved one, flee!

Knowest thou the house, with pillars grand and tall?
The rooms shine bright, and brilliantly the hall;
And marble statues stand and gaze on me;—
What have they done, my poor child, unto thee?
Knowest thou the house?
Oh, there! oh there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, flee!

Knowest thou the mount whose top the clouds embrace?
Where through the mist the mule his path must trace?
In caverns dwell the ancient dragon's brood—
The crags rush down, and over them the flood.
Knowest thou the mount?
Oh, there! oh, there—
There points our way—oh father, let us flee!

Citizens' Temperance Meeting.

In pursuance of a call signed by a large number of the citizens of Lowell, a large meeting was held at the City Hall on the evening of the 12th inst., to consider the present alarming prevalence of intemperance in the city, and devise means to stop its onward ravages. The meeting wrs organized by appointing Dr. E. Huntington, Chairman, and J. K. Fellows, Secretary. The following resolutions were [illegible] in behalf of a committee previously appointed:

Resolved, That it is the right and duty of every community, by appropriate and adequate laws, to protect itself, and the persons, possessions, peace and well-being of its members, against the effects of inordinate and hurtful appetites, passions and lusts; and against the appetite for intoxicating drinks not less than others. And such laws it is the duty of every citizen honestly and conscientiously to observe and obey.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the legally constituted guardians of the public welfare, and conservators of the public peace, to see that the laws of the Commonwealth, restraining the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, are observed, and enforced, if need be, by the infliction of their penalties. And we call upon the officers of our City Government, to whom this duty appropriately belongs, in view of the alarming prevalence of transgression, to address themselves to the most wakeful, vigorous, and persevering performance of their duty in this regard.

Resolved, That the good citizens of Lowell will give to their Mayor, Aldermen and Peace officers their fullest countenance and support in all lawful endeavors to enforce the laws in question; and more especially will they give them information of all known violations of said laws, to the end that said violations may be legally prosecuted by proper officers.

Resolved, That a copy of this report and these resolutions be furnished to the Mayor and Aldermen of this city.

Which is respectfully submitted.

John Aiken, Josiah Curtis, Linus Child, S. W. Hanks, *Committee.*

After enthusiastic addresses by Revs. S. W. Hanks, U. C. Burnap, and A. A. Miner, Dr. J. Curtis and Linus Child, the meeting adopted the resolutions, and appointed Mr E. Burnap a committee to procure the City Hall for weekly meetings. *Voted*, that the proceedings be published in the several papers in this city. The meeting then adjourned to the call of the committee.

In consequence of the report of the above meeting having come to us late, we are unable to give but a brief synopsis, but shall speak on the subject hereafter.

Mr Leland's Letter—Democratic candidate for Senator.

HOLLISTON, Oct. 27, 1846.

Gentlemen: In answer to the several propositions contained in yours of the 23d inst., I most cheerfully return the following. The first and fifth I have heretofore advocated and voted for, so far as an opportunity has been afforded me (or the principles which they contain). The second, third and fourth are somewhat new to me, therefore I am not prepared to give a definite answer. Should the measures contemplated in them, appear to me essential to the advancement of the interest of the laboring community, they will at all suitable times and places receive from me the same support that the first and fifth will.

Respectfully yours,
ALDEN LELAND.

To John S. Fletcher, Wm. F. Young, Joel Hatch, Committee of the Industrial Reform Association of Lowell.

FREEDOM OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.—This vital question seems to be gaining more and more of the attention of the public. The impropriety as well as the absolute injustice of allowing speculators, many of them with borrowed capital, to buy up these lands for the purpose of raising their prices and preying upon the hardy yeomanry who wish to settle and cultivate them, is begining to be viewed in its true light. An article upon this subject which appeared in this paper a short time since, was lately read at a meeting in New York city, by the Secretary of a Political Society, and was stated by him to have been written by the democratic candidate for Congress in this District. We would remark, however, that we cannot claim the compliment paid to us, because, although we fully approve the sentiments of that able and well expressed article, we did not write it. It belongs to the junior editor of this paper.—[Northampton Democrat.

PARK PLACE LODGINGS.—What are the houseless and homeless wretches who have been sleeping on the sward in the Park to do now, as the inclement season advances upon them? This is a question we ask ourself whenever we pass through the now lonely and desolate Park. A few days since we counted seventeen outcast beings lying on the cold sward, or stretched upon the benches about the fountain, among whom were two females; honest, we presume, because, if otherwise, they would soon find open doors amid the haunts of vice. If the corporation authorities would not deem us meddlesome, we would suggest that they erect tents for such as these, and also build some of capacity sufficient to accommodate families, who are driven out of miserable hovels and filthy courts by soulless, rapacious landlords. We will be satisfied with *almost* anything until we can secure *homes for all* upon the land. *God speed the time!* We may speak ironically, but we feel deeply and bitterly. Still faith and hope are strong, and we "bide our time."—[Young America.

The Whigs had a glorification on Tuesday night last over their recent victory, by setting off powder and fire works around the Park and in Union Square. Let us ask the Whigs if it would not have been more in accordance with reason and Christian charity to have distribtued the amount that was required to purchase these gewgaws among the suffering and starving population of our city, than to so wantonly waste it upon so meaningless a dumb show as was that night exhibited, to say nothing of the danger of accidents from the falling rocket poles.—[Young America.

[illegible] went on Wednesday evening to arrest 15 or 20 runaway slaves, men and women, who were encamped in the swamp in Fauburg Washington, at the rear of the Third Municipality. When they came on the camp the negroes were preparing supper, and when called on to surrender ran off; upon which, those in pursuit fired, killed a man and woman and wounded two women; the others escaped. A quantity of fire arms were found in the camp. The Coroner held an inquest yesterday on the bodies. Verdict, "died of gun-shot wounds."—[Southern paper. [This equals the Naval hanging.]

The Springfield Gazette says the Sub-Treasury has failed, because it could not pay the hands at the U. S. Armory in that town with anything but Bank rags.

A new factory, to contain thirty-four thousand spindles, was commenced on, about a week since, at Portsmouth, N. H. It is expected that the mill will be in operation in the course of four months.

Jersey City is to be the terminus of the Cunard line of Steamships to be established between New York and Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP A PAPER.—An editor who has probably suffered 'some,' tells people how to stop a paper. He says: "Call at the office and fork up arrearages, and order it stopped like a man, and not refuse to take it out of the post office, and sneak away like a puppy."

SILENT CARRIAGE WHEELS.—These have appeared in London. The tire of the wheels consist of an elastic tabular ring of catouchouc, enclosed in a leathern case, and inflated with air to any degree of tightness desired. The motion of the carriage is exceedingly easy.

In Boston, four thousand four hundred and one families have "hired help;" three hundred and forty families have more than two "domestics," and fifteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-four families do their own work.

ALARMING.—The edition of the Courier was *struck* last week with 'a few more curiosities,' among which are, 'the goose quill with which General Scott committed suicide; the grindstone on which the face of the poor is ground, and an arrow from Cupid's quiver.'

LATE NEWS FROM ENGLAND states that Trade in the manufacturing districts continues dull, and many of the manufacturies are working short time. A slight decline has taken place in the Corn market.

Money continues abundant and the capitalists have difficulty in employing it.

From the Young America.

Letter of Gerrit Smith.

Gerrit Smith, among others, was applied to for his censent to be brought forward for nomination as the Free Soil candidate for Governor at the recent election. He declined, but in doing so, it will be seen that he took occasion to express, in emphatic terms, his approval of the National Reform cause.—The following is his letter:

PETERBORO, August 87, 1846.

GEORGE H. EVANS.—Dear Sir—Your letter of the 22d inst. did not reach me until this hour.

I feel a deep interest in the objects of the "National Reformers"—but, I cannot consent to be a candidate for civil office.

I have never held a civil office. My total want of relish for public life is one reason why I have never entered it. My care of late father's vast concerns, beginning as it did with the beginning of my manhood, is another.—These reasons exist at the present time, and with undiminished force. It is proper, however, to add, that had I desired office, I was quite too odious to get it.

I hope, that your Convention will be guided by a higher than earthly wisdom. Then it will choose for its candidates men of true benevolence—men who pity the poor, and whose prayer and corresponding effort is that no man be poor, and no man be rich—that no man be overvalued, and that no man be undervalued. Then it will choose for its candidates men of peace—men who seek bloodless moral victories; whose reformatory weapons are none other than reason and love.

Be patient, be kind, my brother. The cause you serve is a good cause. It will prevail—for it is dearer to the Great Heart in Heaven than to any of our little hearts on earth. Very respectfully, your friend.

GERRIT SMITH.

In 1815 it took twenty-five days to carry the news of the battle of New Orleans to Washington. It took only seven days to carry the news of Gen. TAYLOR's battles to the of the government.

We acknowledge the reception of a letter containing $2,00 from our friend E. W. P. of Boston.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.—J. M. Wieting M. D. is delivering a course of Lectures on the above interesting subjects at the City Hall, which we hear highly commended. We regret having been unable as yet to attend.

IMPORTANT FROM WASHINGTON.

Seven thousand Volunteers called for.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17—noon.

The War department has made a requisition calling into service eight additional regiments of volunteers.

One regiment is required from each of the following States: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and one of mounted men from Texas.

Com. Conner's official account of the second attack on Alvarado confirms the Telegraphic despatch of Saturday night, and the statement of the Picayune's correspondence.—[Journal of Commerce.

THE NORTHAMPTON DEMOCRAT is informed that the Voice has been regularly mailed to that office.

GENERAL LEWIS CASS of Michigan is engaged to lecture before the Institute next week.

The Next Convention.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors, holden at Lowell, Nov. 9th 1846, it was thought advisable to change the time and place of the next Convention, on account of the inclement season of the year, and the distance which must be passed over without a conveyance by cars. Voted, that this Convention be called to meet in Boston, the last Wednesday and Thursday of January, 1847.

It was thought such change would be for the interest of the League, inasmuch as many more friends would be able to attend there, than could possibly attend at Woonsocket R. I. We hope this alteration will meet the approbation of the friends generally.

Also that all true friends to the improvement of the condition of our race find it in their hearts to be *there*, and ready not only to *speak but to act* in the Reform movement.

Rec'g Sec'y. H. J. STONE.

LOWELL, Nov. 18, 1846.

DEATHS.

REPORT OF DEATHS IN LOWELL, during the week ending Nov. 14th, 1846.

Nov. 10th, Frank H. Lovejoy, 2 yrs, convulsions; 11th, Albion Hanscom, 20 yrs, typhus fever; Rebecca Kennedy, 47 yrs, anemia; 12th, Rosamond Richardson, 17 yrs, typhus fever; Ann McOsker, 21 yrs, disease of the heart; 13th, Mary A. Wiggin, 36 yrs, dropsy of the brain; Christopher Armstrong, jr. 6 yrs, convulsions; 14th, Joseph Scofield, 34 yrs, disease of brain; William G. Dexter, 13 mos, hooping cough.

DAVID WELLS, Sup't Burials.

NOTICES.

☞ The WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION, Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

WM. J. KAULBACK, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No 4, (Lynn,) holds its meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings, on Pearl, opposite High street.

RICHARD A. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 9, holds its meetings on Monday evenings, at No. 3, Boylston Hall, Boston.

All Divisions will be accommodated with goods on the same terms as those of the 9th—store open from 8 o'clock A. M., to 9 o'clock P. M.

JOSEPH CAREW, Sec'y.

The LOWELL INDUSTRIAL REFORM ASSOCIATION hold their regular meetings every MONDAY evening, at No. 76, Central st., where they will be happy to meet all who are interested for the producing classes. G. H. MERIAM, Secy.

Thanksgiving Concert!

MR. A. BOND respectfully announces that he will give a CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at City Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 26. Mr. Bond takes pleasure in announcing that he will be assisted by Messrs J. B. WIGHT, Mr I. N. METCALF, Mr LOUIS STRACK, and several Amateurs who have kindly volunteered their aid.

Tickets 25 cents—may be obtained at the usual places.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; concert will commence at 1-4 before 7 o'clock, precisely.

Lowell, Nov. 19th, 1846.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DR. THOMAS C. BRIGHAM has opened an office on Market st., nearly opposite the Bath House, where he will be happy to attend to those who may favor him with a call. All persons afflicted with chronic ulcerations, even of the most deadly character, Scrofula, Burns, Eruptions of the skin, &c. would do well to consult Dr. B. If he does not effect a speedy and permanent cure, no charges will be made.

N. B.—*Secret diseases attended to with promptness and fidelity.* Certificates confirming the above to be true, can be seen by calling at his office at any time.

He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Family Medicines. Lowell, Nov. 19, 1846.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS, my Wife, ANN HOLT, has left my bed and board without any just cause, this notice is to forbid all persons from trusting her on my account from and after this date.

EDWARD HOLT.

Lowell, Nov. 9, 1846.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

J. L. DOTY is adding a prime assortment of Books and Stationary to his stock of Boots and Shoes, all of which he will sell as low as the lowest, at No. 4 Central Building.

Nashville, Oct. 2, 1846. n22.

G. E. Cheever,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

A splendid assortment of rich Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack street.—Watches, clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired in the best manner and warranted. Next the Telegraph office.

Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846. n16.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

THE subscriber has taken a room (No. 7, second floor) in the Bank Building, where he will give instruction in WRITING, Drawing, Book-Keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammer, Rhetoric, Composition, and other studies, if desired; for the accommodation of those who cannot attend his Evening School.

Open every day except Saturday, from 9 to 12, A. M., and from 2 to 5, P. M. Call and see.

D. H. JAQUES.

N. B. JAQUES' & Mc COY's Evening School, is now open, at Anti-Slavery Hall, 36 Central street, (nearly opposite the Post Office.) Instructions given in Writing, Book-Keeping, Arithmetic, English Grammer, Rhetoric, Composition, Phonography, and various other studies. oct30 3m.

NEWS FROM THE ARMY

WE have not received; but we have received this morning, from NEW YORK and BOSTON,

15 *Cases of New, Rich and Fashionable*

FALL GOODS,

to which we invite the attention of the public.

NEW SILK, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS, DRESS GOOD, DOMESTICS, &c. &c.

the whole of which will be offered at unprecedented bargains.

The following items will convey a slight idea of the many advantages accruing to purchasers at this establishment:—

50 ps. Col'd Alpaccas 2s 6d per yd, worth, 62; 50 ps. Bl'k Alpaca, Pure Silk Warp, 45c., worth 75; 2 Cases Very Rich Calicoes, English Styles, 9d, worth 20c; 1 Case very excellent styles, 4c, worth 6 1-4; 1 Case very excellent Patches, 5c, worth 8; 6 bales Flannels, (White and Red) 1s, worth ,25; DeLaines, 1s, worth 25; 1 Case French Thibets, 5s 6d, worth 1,25; Cases Lining Cambrics, best quality, 8c, worth ,10.

Thousands of other Bargains equally desirable and equally astounding.

On opening our splendid Establishment, we claimed the first position in the city. This position has been awarded us by the indisputable verdict of public opinion. We have already been compelled by the press of Public Patronage, to enlarge our borders—and emboldended and encouraged by the unquestionable approval of popular favor, all our energies will be concentrated to the maintenance of the high character which

'THE GREAT CORNER STORE'

has attained, as emphatically 'The Mart for the Million!'

One of the firm constantly attends the Boston Auctions, and our system of business is so perfectly organized as to enable us to submit to our fair patronesses *All the novelties of the day*, much in advance of 'The Trade'—and leave miles in the rear all possible rivalry.

The Great Corner Store, Corner of Merrimack and Kirk Streets.

PEABODY, HARRIS & DUDLEY, Proprietors.

Lowell. 20tf.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. F. GLADWIN would inform his patrons, and all other persons who may be in want of the service of a Dentist, that he has removed his office to his residence, No. 96, Merrimack street, one door west of D. Fay's confectionary, where he will be happy to wait upon all who may have occasion for his professional aid, at all hours of the day and evening.

The length of Dr. Gladwin's residence in Lowell, and the large amount of his business in past years, render it unnecessary for him to resort to the common practice of puffing. He would therefore, merely state that he is prepared to perform all operations upon the Teeth in the latest and most approved manner. All materials which he uses are warranted to be of the best quality, and the work to be equal to that of any other Dentist. He wil insert single teeth, or any required number, either on pivot or fine gold plate.

Dr. G. will insert whole sets of teeth—either with or without artificial gums—which he will warrant to be retained by

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE ALONE,

without either clasps or springs, and to answar all purposes of Mastication.

Any responsible person, who may require it, will be allowed sufficient time to test the quality of the work and the accuracy of the fit before payment will be required.

Dr. Gladwin is permitted to refer such as may desire information in regard to his qualifications as a Dentist, to the following persons, who have worn whole sets of Teeth inserted by him, and nearly all retained by atmospheric pressure alone, from one to three years.

Miss S. Wood,	Mrs. C Marsh,
" C. E. Jones,	" J. Pratt,
" H. Graham,	" E. M. Gardner,
" C. Adams,	" Elizibeth Hill,
" W. Williams,	" John Ayer,
" C. Clark,	" M. Andrews,
" H. H. Waters,	Dr. D. Mowe,
Mrs. T. Andrews,	William North,
" S. W. Baker,	Amos Hall,
" T. Sanborn,	George Walker,
" M. Hodgdon,	C. F. Leighton,

Prices for work will be as low as the prices of any regular Dentist in this city or Boston.

Lowell, Aug. 21, 1846.

Read the following, ye sticklers for the accursed system of neck-breaking:

OFF VERA CRUZ, Sep. 25, 1846.

A sailor named Samuel Jackson, belonging to the sloop St. Mary's was to-day hanged at the yard arm, pursuant to a sentence of a Court Martial, before whom he had been tried for striking a man named Taylor, one of the officers of that ship.

The preparations for the execution were numerous and solemn, a regular programme having been issued by Commodore Connor, and circulated through the squadron several days previously.

All labor was forbidden in the different vessels for the day, and the crews were directed to resume their holiday attire. At 11 A. M. the signal, "Prepare to execute the sentence of the Court Martial," was displayed at the mizzen of the Cumberland, when a yellow flag was hoisted at the fore yard arm of the St. Mary's. The officers and crew of all the vessels at the anchorage were then mustered on deck, and distributed in such places as would best enable them to take as much of the spectacle in view as possible.

Here they were kept on the tiptoe of anticipation for more than half an hour, when the same signal I before mentioned was hoisted, without the 'preparative,' and the curiosty of the spectators was materially enhanced thereby. In a few moments more the victim made his appearance on the top-gallant forecastle of the St. Mary's, attended by two or three officers and the master-at-arms of the ship, and by Rev. F. W. Taylor, chaplain of the Cumberland. Stepping over the forecastle railing on the scaffold, which had been erected there for the occasion) the prisoner seated himself, apparently on account of nervous deficiency. The machinery fitted up for the act was simple, but strong and effective. A thick rope was rove through a block at the yard arm, leading along the yard into the foremast, where it rove through another block, and was made fast to a weight of four hundred pounds!

After some additional minutes of suspense had been inflicted upon thousands of spectators, a flash issued from the gun over which the scaffold had been raised, and at the same instant a human form was seen flying in a curved line through the air with astonishing velocity. When the body reached the yard arm, so great had been the impulse, that the check threw it perpendicularly into the air, feet upward, and rebounded against the 'fore-lifts,' it passed over the fore brace, split the halter block, and then, after a few violent vibrations, it assumed the usual dangling attitude of a hanging man.

[illegible] The Mexican government are offering grants of land and means of transportation and cultivation to the poor lacklanders of our army who will join them. Would it be wonderful if some of the men who have entered our army because they were by our Government denied their right to the soil, and without the means of subsistence, should accept this offer? It is a bad and wicked policy to send any one but a free holder to fight the battles of a nation, even if they were just. Who more fit to fight for a country than the owners of it? Why should a man risk his life for a nation that does not allow him a foothold on its soil? The principle of setting the landless of different countries to butcher each other for the whim or amusement of the lords of the soil, 'who stay at home at ease,' is a villainy of the past that must no longer be tolerated. Lacklanders should never fight till they fight for their right to the soil. What says Col. Webb?—[Young America.

GLORY.—It is reported that the troops of Colonel Marshall's Kentucky regiment, now in Texas, are barefooted, and some of them literally without breeches, many without hats and coats! But they stand up as proud as if they were dressed in imperial purple; the government is indebted to this regiment more than $75.000, and upwards of four hundred are on the sick list.

BOGUS DEMOCRACY.—The 'Democratic' City Government of New York, it is said, let out of the city Prison on Blackwell's Island, *sixty convicts*, on election day, *in order that they might vote against giving colored people the right of suffrage!* In crossing over, they come near being drowned. Thirteen of these *worthies* were arrested by Alderman Benson, and Justice Merritt on their way to the polls.

POMPOSITY.—A facetious gentleman, travelling in the interior of the State, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed—"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again alluminate the oriental horizon, I shall award you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy not understanding a word, ran into the house, crying, 'Dad, here's a Dutchman wants to see you.'

COURTSHIP. Sergeant Bunting says, that the way of success with the women is to ask soon, ask often, and never take a refusal.

One report received at New Orleans is, that Santa Anna had made a forced loan of $2,000,000 from the churches.

"PAYING TOO DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE."—It has been stated in some of the papers, that the British government is going to appropriate 15,000,000 dollars upon the fortifications on the St. Lawrence. The entire population on that river, or in both of the Canadas, does not probably exceed 1,000,000. Here then is an appropriation of 15 dollars for the military defence of every individual in those two colonial provinces. And this is all to be raised out of the people of Great Britain. Certainly all that the American colonists are worth to the English is in their trade. Then it would seem a high price to pay, to advance 15 dollars to an individual in a foreign land merely for the privilege of selling him what he wants to buy, on the same terms as to one in another foreign land, who would buy an equal amount without asking the *bonus* of a farthing. THE PEOPLE have to do all the fighting, bleeding, suffering, and paying. Their leaders get all the glory, honor, and emolument. The people sink in just proportion as they elevate military chieftains and deify military glory.—[Christian Citizen.

RESULTS OF ASTRONOMY IN THE PAST YEAR.—Besides many minor scientific results proved by the examination of the planetary system during the past year, the observation of the Heavens has given rise to vast discoveries and important results. Amongst phenomena may be mentioned the anomalous appearance presented by Biela's comet on its late return, and amongst positive *discoveries*, that of the new asteroid called astrea, of the great Central Sun by Meadler of Russia, and of the planet beyond Uranus—the only object hitherto undiscovered, which was preconceived, and without which there was an apparent want of harmony in the movement of certain celestial bodies. The undiscovered planet beyond the orbit of Uranus which made one of the hypotheses of Le Verrier, has now been seen and examined, and to use the words of Prof. Mitchell, "the only remaining discordant note has been attuned by the hand of that great astronomer, and the voice of Nature is now a voice of melody."—[Transcript.

NEW GALVANIC BATTERY.—There is a very simple form of battery for those who would silver plates by the galvanic process, which is not generally known. It is simply to take two plates, place a piece of zinc between them so that the surfaces touch, and immerse the whole in the metallic solution. This forms a battery of sufficient power for all gilding purposes.

THE BEST OF WOMEN.—She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

"Is dis all de Pos Offis dar is in dis place, sar?" said a ribbed nose darkey, as he stood near a Post Office. "Yes," was the answer. "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Cuff, "I don't see how you does get along and lib, sar, wid only one Pos Offis."

A maiden lady in New York, who lost her lap-dog, found the ribbon she had placed on his neck, in some sausages she purchased a few days after his disappearance.

HOW ONE FEELS IN BATTLE.—A soldier at Monterey writes to the Baltimore Sun:

"You may probably wish to know how a young soldier feels when he smells powder for the first time—I will tell you. At first I felt as though I should like to have been out of the party—I felt decidedly '*mean*,' and looked from one end of the line to the other, to see if any one *run*. Yes, I felt like *running*, I must acknowledge, but all stood like men, and I could not bear the idea to be the first to *run*, and therefore, kept on with the rest."

CHURCH AND STATE.—SCENE—*Entrance to Grace Church.* TIME—*Sunday morning, half past ten,*

Plain Gentleman—Sexton, can you give me a seat?

Sexton—Come in your carriage, sir, or on foot?

P. G.—I came on foot, sir.

S.—Take a Seat on one of them settees.

Miss ——— presents her compliments to Miss ——— and would be glad of her company to Grace Church this afternoon.

New York, —'46. SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Miss ———'s compliments to Miss ———, and regrets that she is unable to accompany her to Grace Church, as she is unfortunately only dressed for St. John's

New York, —'46! SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A Parisian robber who was seized in the act of stealing in the shop of a tobacconist, by way of excusing himself, said that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man *to take snuff.*

'Give us only one trial,' says the quack advertiser to invalids. 'Step into my parlor only once,' said the spider to the fly.

To cure your love for one girl, just fall in love with another. It's the only antidote.—For one affection draws another out—as lesser pains are by the gout.

COST OF THE MEXICAN WAR.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—"Were the war to be brought to a close forthwith, the best judges compute the aggregate of all its expenses, to say nothing of the thousands of our brave officers and soldiers who have been slain in battle, and the thousand that have perished by sickness on the Rio Grande, at no less than *one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.*

"This sum in silver, it is computed, would load FOURTEEN HUNDRED SIX-HORSE WAGONS, and would require a train of teams to draw it more than TWENTY-ONE MILES LONG!

"All this expended in carrying on the Mexican war *thus far*, under the management of this economical, this self-styled "Democratic" Administration, when it is generally believed that we could have obtained Peace, California and the Rio Grande for a boundary for a sum not exceeding ten millions of dollars. *A beautiful business.*

A distinguished Pottowatamie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed—and a good friend to the Americans, requested a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that he never gave whiskey to good men—good men never ask for whiskey, and never drink it. It was only *bad* Indians, who asked for whiskey and liked to drink it. 'Then' replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, 'me rascal.'

A countryman in the street inquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said, he'd show him presently. 'Do but go across the way,' said he, 'to yon goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.'

'If I were so unlucky,' said an officer, 'as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson.' A clergyman who was in his company, replied, 'You think differently, sir, from your father.'

Never owe your tailor, shoemaker, baker, grocer, or butcher, and keep square with the printer.

The Dover papers state that Bow Pond, the reservoir of the manufacturing companies in Dover, has been entirely exhausted during the drought.

In Great Britain 200,000 men hold all the arable land, or an average of 305 acres, each, which has destroyed the yeomanry, reducing thousands to poverty, driven multitudes into towns and manufactories, and besotted droves [illegible] longer the comfortable *small* farms and neat cottages that made England a paradise a century back. All is hopeless poverty for the present race of laborers.—[Investigator.

A person having occasion to notify a doctor to visit his wife, said to him as he was about stepping into the chaise—'Now, doctor, you'll drive on to kill, won't you?' 'Yes, certainly,' replied the doctor.

Two individuals in a public meeting were recriminating each other, when one, in allusion to the vascillation of the other, cried out, 'He can be bought and sold.' 'That is more than can be said of you,' replied his opponent, *for you could not be given away.*'

"*I want to cabbage* two or three of your exchange papers," said a friend. "You might have as well said "*lettuce* have two or three," said the editor.

"Get up, husband," said a lady to her liege lord, the other morning, "daylight is breaking." "Let it break," said he, "it don't owe me anything."

A young apprentice to the shoemaking business asked his master what answer he should give to the oft-repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?"—"Answer, Thomas," said the master, "that I warrant them to prove good, and if they don't I'll make them good-for-nothing."

It is stated that a new route has been discovered to Oregon which will be likely to prove of great advantage to emigrants. The distance is considerably shortened, and grass and water plenty. The sterile regions and dangerous crossings of the Snake and Columbia rivers, by this route will be avoided, as well as the Cascade Mountains. The new road has been explored, and will be opened at the expense of the citizens of Oregon.

Punch says that a fit of the fever and ague is a 'personal earthquake.'

A Yankee from the Kenebec district (Me.) describes that place as so healthy that the people have to move somewhere else to die.

A correspondent from New London, writes us that the dwelling house and barn of Capt. Milton Everett of that town, were destroyed by fire Oct. 30. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a pedler called at the house, saw the fire, and gave the alarm. Mrs. Everet, who had stepped into a neighbor's house, and her neighbors soon got to the house and saved a few articles. Loss $1000. [American.

A new planet has been discovered, and is 3,600,000,000 miles from us. Pretty good evening's walk.

A watchmaker in this city, being asked the age of his youngest child, said he wanted just *a quarter of three.*

CONSOLING.—To receive a letter, postage unpaid, expecting a remittance, but finding a dun.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,
ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 76, CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.,

Devoted to the abolition of Mental, Moral and Physical Servitude, in all their complicated forms and the interests of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The Voice will contain a Female Department, under the immediate supervision of the LOWELL FEMALE LABOR REFORM ASSOCIATION, and be supported by contributions from the Operatives of this city and other manufacturing towns. Let no Workingman or Woman, or friend of those who "toil and spin" and produce all the wealth of the nation, fail of becoming subscribers.

☞ PRICE—$1,00 *Per Year in Advance*

Agents for the 'Voice.'

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N. W. BROWN, D. H. JAQUES, CALEB SMITH, JOHN R. FORREST, CATHERINE WILSON.

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N Chelmsford, J B Pierce
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Providence, J S & H Rowe, Periodical Ag'ts, Amorancy Paine, Anti Slavery office
Pawtucket, David N Rydor
Slaterville R A Aldrich
Woonsocket, L E Buxton, Melissa Royes
CONNECTICUT.
Rockville, Edwin Walden

DR. MOWE,
SURGEON DENTIST
No. 82 Central, corner of Hurd street,

WISHES to inform his friends and patrons that he is located at his old stand, where he is ready at all times to receive them and administer to their wants. He has just returned from New York and Connecticut, where he has been visiting the best Dentists in the country for the purpose of securing to himself all the improvements of the day, and establishing a correspondence with them; so that every new invention in his line will be immediately reported to him. He has also made arrangements with a Dentist from New York, who will be with him as a partner during the ensuing three months. Those who design to patronize a Dentist will do well to call here, for his work will be warranted to suit as well as any one's in this vicinity. If patients desire it, a short time will be given them to test the value of the work, before any pay will be demanded.

N B—He has prepared a remedy which never fails to cure the hardest toothache without causing any pain. If in any case it fails, when properly applied, he will make no charge. He makes this statement because many suffer with the toothache for months, dreading extracting. His remedy will cure, and the decayed tooth is rendered servicable for masticating.

Filling teeth with fine gold, inserting on pivot or gold plate, from one tooth to a full set, is done on short notice. He uses no materials but the best. Dentists sometimes being deceived in the quality of gold, he has been to Hartford and made arrangements with those that prepare it, so that he is sure of the best. His prices are well known to be more liberal than any in the vicinity.

He has fitted up his office so he can perform operations in the evening for those that desire it.

Stoves, Stoves, Stoves!

WAGER & DATEN'S air-tight Cooking Stoves, with a general assortment of both new and old, Copper and Iron PUMPS, Soap Stones, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, &c.

Cash paid for Rags, Copper, Brass, Rubber, Old Iron, &c. &c.

Setting and repairing Pumps, and all kinds of Job Work done at short notice, by I. W. & D. BANGS, opposite the Washington House, Lowell. 2tf

DR. JOHNSON,
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN WENTWORTH'S BUILDING,
(*First building East of Depot.*)

GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, would express his thanks and respectfully tender the continuance of his services in every department of DENTISTRY. Decayed Teeth filled with Pure Gold, in a perfect manner, and a restoration of the Teeth, (thus filled) to their former usefulness WARRANTED.

MINERAL TEETH, from one to an entire set, inserted in a scientific manner, and in finish and adaptation to the mouth so perfect as to warrant satisfaction; for proof of which he will refer to his work now worn in this city. Teeth cleaned and extracted with care.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that while his prices are from 25 to 50 per cent LESS than were formerly exacted, that his work is warranted equal to any performed in Lowell or elsewhere. Persons visiting this city, in need of work, will find it to their advantage to call at this office. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M. 50tf

BAILEY'S LOWELL AND ESSEX CITY DAILY EXPRESS.

THIS New Line, for the accommodation of the public, will leave Lowell for Essex City, every morning, at half past 7 o'clock; and leave Essex for Lowell, at 5 o'clock P. M. Orders faithfully attended to. Bills and notes collected, and all ordinary business attended to with care and fidelity.

Mr. Bailey has convenient carriages for the conveyance of passengers to and from these places. All who are disposed to patronize him, will please leave their names at his offices, and they will be called for at their respective places of residence, and left at the place of their destinations.

OFFICES—Farmer's and Mechanic's Hotel and T. J. Bailey's No. 9, Merrimac Street, Lowell, T. Osgood's No. 2, Essex City,—also, at the Tol House in the latter place.

BUY WHILE YOU CAN.

JUST RECEIVED, a new style of Cameo Pins—the first ever offered in Lowell. Please call before they are gone. To be had only at

112 *Merrimack street.*
G. EDSON CHEEVER.

Lowell, Oct. 2, 1846.

ABRAM FRENCH,
DEALER IN
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, and
Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles.

At the Tailoring Establishment connected with the above, garments will be made to order, in the most fashionable style and best workmanship.

Bank Building, 78 *Central street, Lowell.*

MERRILL & HEYWOOD,
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.
DEALERS IN
Paper-Hangings, Borders, Blank-Books, &c.

Blank-Books made to order, and paper ruled to any pattern. *BOOK-BINDING* done with neatness and dispatch. No. 23 Central street, Lowell.

47tf JOSHUA MERRILL, C. H. HEYWOOD.

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—122 Merrimack, opposite Kirk street,
9tf Lowell, Mass.

E. B. LEWIS,
HAIR-DRESSER AND PERFUMER,
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GOSS & KNIGHT,
JOB CARPENTERS AND CABINET MAKERS.
☞ Shop on PRESCOTT STREET, a few rods from E. B. PATCH'S Auction Room.
18 3m

DANIEL CLARKE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at No. 82, Central,
Corner of Hurd street.
Lowell, Sept. 18, 1846. n14 6m

FOSTER'S
MOUNTAIN COMPOUND,
FOR THE HAIR.

THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND is a concentration of Tonics for the removal of diseases of the Skin. Its effects are powerful, and action quick and obvious in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the cutaneous surface of the head. The proprietor can refer to many prominent individuals in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, where it was falling out and very thin from a diseased and weakened state of the skin.

The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies' use and toilet dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of bottles for that purpose. The universal favor it meets with wherever it has been tried warrants it be the best article ever offered to the public. It gives the hair a richness of lustre and luxuriancy of color unprecedented, and renders the most dry and turbulant hair soft and moist several days or week from one application. Unlike many articles for the hair, it is not glutinous and sticky to leave the hair matted and stiff, as if a solution of sugar and water was put on, but on the contrary, the hair will be found soft, silky, single, and flowing, from using the Mountain Compound, and it may be curled and dressed in any form and appear perfectly natural.

None genuine hereafter unless signed on the wrapper by H. W. FOSTER, in his own hand writing; also these words are lawfully inscribed, securing copyright, and printed on the back of the wrapper near the fold—"Entered according to act of Congress, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts."

Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER 65 Central Street, Lowell. Sold by Otis A. Allen, 68 Merrimac street, Carleton & Co., City Hall, L. Scribner, and at his Hair Dressing Saloon, opposite the American House, Central street, Lowell. Also by A. S Russell, druggist, P O Ames, Nashua. A G Tucker, druggist, Manchester N H 47tf

To the Public.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of Lowell, have thoroughly tested Dr. H. H. DOANE'S Dental operations in every department of his profession. We have also examined parts and full sets of his Plate Teeth: we have always found his work well executed, and charges very reasonable. This we think, is sufficient evidence that confidence can be placed in him as a Dentist.

Horace Parmenter,	Thomas B. Ford,
George W. Patterson,	Andrew W. Doe,
Theo. L. Hastings,	William H. Stevens,
Theophilus S. Smith,	George J. Adams,
Darius G. Meriam,	J. T. G. Leach, M. D.,
Isaac Deming,	T. L. Randlett.
Ivers Taylor,	

Office open day and evening, Sundays excepted. No. 113 *Merrimack street, Lowell.*
3 1y

Important to the Ladies.

THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Merrimack and John st.,) is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinery Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found any-where else. J. T. ADAMS.

Lowell, Sept 28, 1846. n25.

PEARSON'S
DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS!
☞ Prices Reduced! ☜

THE subscriber still continues at his old stand, Wentworth's Building, Merrimack street, near the Railroad Depot, Lowell. Mass., where he may at all times be found, ready to impart his professional services to all who wish accurate likenesses.

Mr P defies all competition, having, by the instruction of the first artists in the country and a long experience in the business, produced the most accurate likeness of any establishment in the city; and he would at any time be glad of the opportunity to put his skill in competition with any other establishment here. Persons desirous of having miniatures taken, are requested to call on him, and those who call shall not go away dissatisfied, as his work is warranted, and the prices will be as low as at any other establishment, for the same kind of material used, and warranted to suit, or no charge will be made.

Pictures taken in all weathers, and Instruction, Apparatus and Stock furnished and warranted.

Lowell, 1846. 3m5

DR. JAMES S. OLCOTT.

BOTANIC PHYSICIAN. Office, 3d story Wentworth's building, near the Railroad Depot.

TO THE PUBLIC. I would cordially, as I leave my practice in Lowell, recommend Dr. JAMES S. OLCOTT to my patients, patrons, and friends, and to the Thomsonian public generally, as an able physician, and as one upon whose character, both as a gentleman and scholar, they may implicitly rely. He was regarded by the New York Medical Botanic Society, and by Dr. Samuel Thomson, as highly efficient in extending both his theory and practice. I have consulted with him frequently in difficult cases, and have ever coincided with him in his judgment and advice. I hope they will give him their patronage. AARON P. HOLT, Thomsonian Botanic Physician

Lowell, June 19th, 1846. 2tf

WM. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST,
Office, 21 *Central Street*,

where he continues to perform all operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation. Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and hereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.

MINERAL TEETH inserted on gold plate or pivot, from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require.

Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure without springs.

☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted, &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravating pain from decayed teeth, can in most cases be readily removed and the tooth saved. Lowell, n4tf.